

MONODY ON GERARD. !!!

NOT a bribe was left, not a voice was heard,
When the lad from the hustings was routed,
Not a vote could be got for the "*popular bird*,"
The "*New lights*" looked dismally *outed*.

We stuck to him closely as long as he bled,
We kept him from shying or quaking;
And we took and we shov'd him under the bed,*
Whilst the *windows* around him were breaking.

Ah! little *he* thought when he came to the scratch,
That 'twould end in such *sorrowful* laughter,
That he'd find in the boys he was bribing his match,
To pocket his pounds, and plump 'gainst him after.

But oh! when the Romans in Dublin have read,
In their "*vile Pandemomium*" his story,
How the'll chuckle, like ~~†~~*bulldog* gnawing pigshead,
And *pickle* the *lad* in his glory.

How loudly the'll cheer o'er the pitiful moan,
Of the *Converts* that fled the Archdeacon:
But little *he'll* reck if they leave *him* alone,
To mind his crubeens and his bacon.

We carried him down to the SWADDLER'S BANK,
The scene of his sneering and gibing,
Nicodemus the while looking wofully blank,
Since asked to go halves in the bribing.

Slowly and sadly we stretched him out,
Enshrouded in orange placards,
For plundered he was of his last pound note,
By M....h and all the blaguards.

* Is it a fact that P....r C....f...d performed the ceremony of a second baptism on Gerard, when they were both immersed in the overflowings of the Po?

+ A pet name of J....s M....n. Gerard of late does not consider himself full-dressed without him.